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Sunny Memories

BY

M. L.

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To John Anderson Jr.
with very kind regards
from George L. Luckenbach.

Aug. 1934.

(for
Rogers & Brown)

Turner.

—

pp 35–43

"Sunny Memories."

CONTAINING PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

OF

SOME CELEBRATED CHARACTERS.

BY

M. L. (Mary Lloyd)

CORRECTED EDITION.

"Sweet Memory! wafted by thy gentle gale
Oft up the stream of Time I turn my sail,
To view the fairy-haunts of long lost hours."
(ROGERS.)

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Entered at Stationers' Hall.

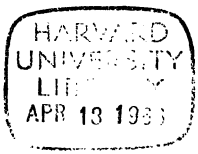
LONDON:

WOMEN'S PRINTING SOCIETY, LIMITED,

21*b*, Great College Street, Westminster, S.W.

1880.

H 1228.80



For G. R. S.
with M. de L's love.

FIRST PREFACE.

"Chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy," is a pleasure within the reach of all, even when the eye or ear may fail, or the pleasure of travel be denied. As in beautiful nature the rose follows the violet, and the jessamine follows the rose, so too, the enjoyments of life succeed each other, if rightly understood.

The Poet Rogers was happy at 90, and he often used to say, "If I had not picked up friends on the journey of Life, I should now be quite *alone!*" Would that the "lonely ones" could form a "*Society*" to cheer and help each other!

To lessen the sad feelings caused by the narrowing circle, "as the gems drop away," the following pages have been written, in the humble hope that they may not entirely fail

"To chase but a sigh, or charm a care to rest."

M. L.

RICHMOND HILL.

Christmas, 1879.

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Samuel Rogers.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

So many years have passed since the Poet Rogers was the centre of his "charmed circle," and so very many of that happy circle have passed away, that if it were not for the vivid impression they have left, it would seem like a dream!

From my youth it was my good fortune to spend much of my time with the poet Rogers and his kind sister, not only in London, but in Brighton and Broadstairs. They were friends of my family for three generations, and my dear Mother was only sixteen years old when her Uncle (Dr. Skey) took her to see the Poet, and to enjoy his far-famed breakfast and dinner parties.

The guests seldom exceeded eight or ten in number and were chosen to call forth, not to extinguish, each other's talent. Many a struggling Author and Artist has found a helping hand in this house; for Mr. Rogers seldom missed an opportunity of bringing forward talent of any kind.

At these parties there was generally a due proportion of talkers and listeners; when this was *not* the case, Mr. Rogers contrived to check those who he thought monopolized the conversation; though not exactly in the same way as his friend Lady H., who, on such occasions, requested the delinquent to "*poke the fire.*" Mr. Rogers' old friend, Mr. Crabbe Robinson, was not unfrequently in this position. On one occasion when he had been "holding forth," beyond the Poet's approval, and having in *this* instance extinguished himself by falling fast asleep, Mr. Rogers rose and said, "Now gentlemen, *seize the opportunity* to speak, *seize* it before he wakes." Mr. Crabbe Robinson

took the hint, and in three thick volumes of his "*Diary*," makes very little mention of Mr. Rogers! though he calls him "The *Dean* of the Poets" and speaks of "his interesting dinners," which makes one want to hear more of them.

The first breakfast party I remember was I think in 1843, and it made the strongest impression, though I enjoyed so many others. The hour was ten o'clock, and it was a bright Spring morning; the well-known dining room at 22, St. James Place, filled with beautiful pictures, each rare specimens of the old masters—the kind host sitting near the window, which opened into a small garden, leading to the Green Park; the breakfast which consisted of tea and coffee, various kinds of bread, two vases of fruit, and some ham and tongue, completed the simple repast; while a rich feast was generally in store for the mind.

On the occasion I refer to, the guests were Mr. Rogers and his sister, Mr

Gladstone, Lord Glenelg, Mrs. Austin, and the Honorable Mrs. Norton and her Uncle, Mr. Sheridan. The two last came in at the garden entrance, and were not announced—so I did not know who the beautiful lady was, but immediately, all eyes and ears were open to her radiant beauty and sparkling wit! I have seen many "*beauties*," but I never saw any one who excelled Mrs. Norton in beauty of face and figure, combined with so much intellect. I never again had an equally good opportunity of watching her wonderful eyes, and hearing her expressive voice. Mrs. Austin pretended to be jealous, and said, "Mr. Rogers how can you expect us to be friends." Mr. Gladstone did not talk much, but seemed amused with the rivals. He was then called "*a very rising Barrister.*"

Of that party of eight persons only two remain to tell the tale: and probably the great events of the life of one of them would prevent his remembering especially

this breakfast party, which made such a strong impression on me.

The conversation at these breakfasts was easy, not studied; subjects were carefully and earnestly discussed, whether it was Poetry, Painting, or Literature. Passages from modern or ancient Authors were quoted, and often read aloud; and the books were always ready at hand, brought by the careful attentive servant, Edmund Paine. This valued servant after Mr. Rogers' death obtained the post of keeper of the "Turner Collection" in the National Gallery.

Mr. Rogers' dinner-parties were equally unostentatious as to ornament. The "cuisine" was *excellent*, but not overpowering. There was seldom more than one beautiful silver gilt Greek vase on the table and the *entrées* were served on four plated corner dishes, which I now have, My Uncle kindly bought them for me at Mr. Rogers' sale, knowing how long they had been used by the Poet and his

brother poets, and I preferred them to his four dishes of later origin.

The dining room was lighted by "Ellesmere lamps," fixed on the walls at intervals between the pictures, each being shaded by a metal shade to throw the light on the pictures. This mode of lighting I then saw for the first time and greatly admired. There is no doubt that it is the best light for pictures, and it is better than daylight in most London houses.

The drawing room was also a charming room. It was over the dining room, and had a large bow window looking into the Green Park. At night this window curiously reflected and multiplied the lamp on the table; and Mr. Rogers used to wave a white handkerchief near it, to be reflected and multiplied, exclaiming "Look at my Ghosts!"

This room was also hung with many beautiful pictures, so closely that the massive gold frames formed a good con-

trast to the dark crimson furniture and carpet. Many choice Etruscan vases on brackets, beautiful bronzes, on stands, handsomely bound books of engravings, all formed a whole, likely to enchant a more critical person than myself. The beautiful marble chimney-piece was designed by Flaxman for that room, and has often been described. There was also a very beautiful cabinet with panels painted by Stothard illustrating stories from the Italian poets.

Mr. Rogers had the credit of saying very severe things, and one day a lady said to him, "Oh, Mr. Rogers, *why* do you say such severe things?" His answer was, "Nature has given me a *very small* voice, and when I say kind things *nobody listens* to me, but when I say severe things, *everybody* pricks up their ears."

When Mr. Rogers and his sister spent their summer months at Broadstairs, they were often joined by Mr. Rogers' old friend

and schoolfeliow, Mr. Maltby. Their friendship lasted eighty years! and it was pleasant to see them together, though it reminded one somewhat of "Boswell and Johnson." It was very amusing to hear the old schoolfellows grumbling at each other for their power, or want of power, for exercise. One day, Mr. Maltby said to Miss Rogers, "depend upon it your brother is killing himself with over-walking." The next day Mr. Rogers would say, "Maltby is not well and he never will be, unless he walks more."

I remember meeting the old friends on the cliff, and I had with me a great Niece of Mr. Rogers', a child of three or four years old. After shaking hands, Mr. Maltby said to me in his bland way, "Is this your youngest?" I never shall forget Mr. Rogers' amused expression when he said "Maltby, when I wish to make myself *agreeable* to a young lady, I ascertain whether she is married, before I ask after her children."

I remember an amusing story Mr. Rogers told me of Mr. Maltby's absence of mind. Mr. Rogers was narrating his adventures abroad, and told Mr. Maltby that at one of the *table d'hôtes* he met a charming lady, and after a long conversation with her, about pictures and poetry, she said, "I beg your pardon, Sir, but is not your name Rogers?" Mr. Maltby had been listening just sufficiently to say with his gentle voice, "And was it?" I said, "Oh, Mr. Rogers were you not very angry with his want of attention?" He answered, "No, my dear, for it has given me the best story I know of, 'absence of mind.'"

On one occasion when Mr. Babbage was advocating the use of plate glass for windows, Mr. Rogers said,—"I do not like it, for it looks as if the window was open, and it makes me feel cold." Mr. Babbage immediately said, "Ah! Mr. Rogers, I make use of my imagination exactly in the *opposite* direction. When

I am staying from home and have forgotten my nightcap, I tie a piece of string tight round my head, and fancy I have it, and then I do not catch cold." Soon after hearing this story, I asked Mr. Babbage to come and meet Lady Bell, who was staying with me, and I said "if you can stay over Sunday pray bring that piece of string." He answered, "I will come, but I will bring a new piece of string, as I have used up the old one in lashing my enemies."

This story well illustrates the ready resources of the Philosopher, and the fastidiousness of the Poet, and it often happens that characters are seen in the clearest light with their opposites in tastes and habits, provided there is a good understanding between them, as there was in this case. Few persons possessed more of Mr. Rogers' regard than "The Babbage," as he called him, and there is an interesting account of the origin of their friendship, which I quote from Mr.

Babbage's last book called "Passages in the Life of a Philosopher."

"After my contest for Finsbury, Mr. Rogers, the Banker, brother to the Poet, who had been one of my warmest supporters, proposed accompanying me on the hustings at the declaration of the poll. He had also invited a party of the most influential of the electors of his district to dine with him in the course of the week, in order that they might meet me, and consider about measures for supporting me at the next opportunity.

"On a cold, drizzling, rainy day in November, the final state of the poll was declared. Mr. Rogers took me in his carriage to the hustings, and caught cold, which seemed at first unimportant. On the day of the dinner at Mr. Rogers' residence at Islington, he was unable to leave his bed. Miss Rogers, his sister, who lived with him, and his brother the Poet received us, quite unconscious of the

dangerous state of health of their relative, who died the next day.

"Thus commenced a friendship with both of my much valued friends, which remained unruffled by the slightest wave until their lamented loss. Miss Rogers removed to a house in the Regent's Park (5, Hanover Terrace) in which the paintings by Modern Artists collected by her elder brother, and increased by her own judicious care, were arranged. The society at this house comprised all that was most eminent in literature and art.

"The adjournment after her breakfasts to the delightful verandah, overlooking the Park, still clings to my fading memory, and the voices of her brother Poet, of Jeffery, and of Sydney Smith, still survive in the vivid impression of their wisdom and their wit."

In another part of the same book speaking of Mr. Rogers, Mr. Babbage writes:—

"I do not think the genuine kindness of

the Poet's character was sufficiently understood.

There is the following passage in Baroness Bunsen's Life which describes the impression left on her mind by Mr. Rogers. "Perhaps the social gatherings which gave her greatest pleasure were those of the Poet Rogers.

More than thirty years afterwards she spoke of "his house, his collections of works of art of every sort and kind, and his perfect little breakfast parties" remaining in recollection as things quite unique, and never to be seen again.*

One of the greatest pleasures I ever had, was seeing the Poet Rogers with his friend, Tom Moore. There was a strong attachment between them, and they were brother Poets, and not jealous of each other; both were friends of Byron, Scott, and a host of the most celebrated men and women of their time, including a large part of two centuries.

* Vol 2. Page 38.

I afterwards met Tom Moore at Miss Rogers' and at the late Mr. William Longman's, and I had the great pleasure of hearing Moore sing his own "Irish Melodies," in the presence of Sydney Smith, Rogers, Miss Edgeworth, and Lady Davy! The two ladies collected a circle round them at opposite corners of the room, and Mr. Rogers said to me "Look at the *rivals*."

The touching sweetness of Moore's voice had not passed away, and his intonation was perfect. It seemed to me the poetry of *intonation*, rather than of singing; each word so simply and expressively uttered that you almost forgot the singer in the charm of the poetry and music! * Somebody asked him to sing "The Harp that once through Tara's Hall," but when he came to the line "Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls as if its soul

* May we not hope that, since the appearance of Mr. Brandram and Mr. Clifford Harrison, this charming faculty of intonation may be studied, instead of monotonous reading on one note.

were fled," his voice faltered and he immediately stopped and turned to another song. The painful family circumstances which brought him to London, were too sad to expect him to sing such a song.

On another occasion, when I met Moore at dinner at Mr. Rogers' house in St. James' Place, Moore expressed his regret that the old custom of taking wine with each other was passing away. "It is a genial custom" he said, "and we cannot afford to lose it, for I am quite sure that many a coolness, and even a quarrel, has been healed by the simple words "Take a glass of wine with me." Mr. Rogers added, "you are right, and one does not like to see any good custom altered which one remembers in one's youth."

I well remember Mr. Rogers told me that one day when he was dining with Byron and Moore at Pope's Villa, Twickenham, the subject of conversation was the definition of "*Fame*," and whether

it consisted in the admiration of the *many*, or the *few*, etc., etc. While they were discussing it, a boat full of people glided by, and they were singing some of Moore's "Irish Melodies." Byron immediately jumped up, and putting his hand on Moore's shoulder, said, "*That is Fame*," and so the argument ended.

There was something so perfectly simple and unaffected in Moore's manner and voice, that it took away all fear, even from a shy young girl expecting to meet a 'Lion!' Mr. Rogers' manner was not so genial, but I am happy to say I got over my fear of him, though I know many older than myself did not do so.

One day in the height of the London season, when I was staying with Miss Rogers, the Poet called, and asked us to dine with him the same evening; I was very tired, and asked him to excuse me, for we had been out almost every evening for a fortnight; Mr Rogers said "ah,

my dear, you are young, and I suppose it is exciting to you, but I am like an old piece of furniture, and it takes no effect on me."

I repeated this remark to Miss Rogers' maid, as I went early to bed, and she said "ah, Miss, we often say, it does Miss Rogers no harm, but we watch the young ladies grow paler and paler every day!"

Mr. Rogers was remarkably careful in his choice of words, both in speaking and writing, and he spoke very slowly and distinctly; Moore spoke equally distinctly but with a fluency and ease, and variety of intonation, which is rarely found in England, though not so rarely in Ireland, if I may judge by those I have heard. I remember Mr. Rogers expressed regret that the word "Lady" was taking the place of the old word "Gentlewoman." "What can you have better than Gentleman and Gentlewoman," he said, "and how much they signify!"

Mr. Rogers always maintained that in the English language words of one or two syllables were preferable to longer words *for pathos*, both in prose and poetry; and he disliked long words of Latin origin for poetry, and gave some ridiculous instances about a "benevolent lover" and a "beneficent kiss." Many illustrations in support of this opinion were given from Byron, Pope, Dryden and others, especially the beautiful lines on the burial of Sir John Moore, by Wolfe, which Byron said he wished he had written himself! Somebody pounced on the word "*funeral*," and said "that is a *long* word." "Yes" said Mr. Rogers "because it describes a *procession*."

Mr. Rogers was very fond of children, and he said they could not be too early taught to love simple pleasures, and to admire the beauties of nature, and "*not* to turn their backs on sunsets!" He added "good taste is often very much less expensive than bad taste."

His parting advice to me, the first time I went abroad, was, "mind you see the sunsets from a bridge, if possible, or from some height, and they will leave impressions on your mind never to be forgotten. See the *finest* pictures and the *finest* buildings; but do not attempt to see them *all*, or you will over-fatigue yourself, and bring home a confused remembrance."

Mr. Rogers was fond of hearing singing birds, and had some nightingales in the Spring put into a cage in the darkest part of his hall to sing to him and his guests.

I remember one day a lady asked him what Circulating library he subscribed to and he said "*none*." "Then how do you manage to read *up* to the present day?" she asked. His simple reply was "read *down*, you mean, dear Madam."

One day I asked Mr. Rogers to be so kind as to describe to me Byron's manner and appearance. He said "it is very difficult. The first thing which struck

you was his remarkably handsome face, and his flashing eyes, and his proud scornful expression." I made the same request to Miss Rogers, and she said, "I was young when I saw him and very shy, and there was something in the expression of his eyes which made me afraid of looking at him, and of his looking at me."

Mr. Rogers always spoke of his mother with the greatest affection, and he told me he never should forget her parting words on her deathbed, "God bless you all, my dear children! I do not care what happens, only *be good.*"

In his latter days Mr. Rogers suffered much from cold, and was quite vexed with people when they caught cold. He said none but a "*fool*" or a "*pauper*" *need* catch cold. "If one waistcoat is not enough, put on two, and if two is not enough put on three." He used to make his friends laugh by saying, "my sister keeps her rooms so dreadfully cold! She

drove her young friend into matrimony by keeping her rooms so cold."

I often accompanied Mr. Rogers in his drives round the Park, and to Hampstead; and he used to call and see the aged governesses in their Asylum at Kentish Town, which is now removed to Chislehurst. On one of these occasions, the subject of religion was referred to, and he said, "ah, my dear, we shall some of us be surprised to find the Great Being we dread to meet, coming forward with *open* arms to receive us—like the Father to the Prodigal Son."

During his last years, Lady Becher (formerly Miss O'Neil) often came to read the Bible to Mr. Rogers, and on one occasion I called; and when she was going to close the book, Mr. Rogers kindly said to her "do not close the book, she has never heard you read—read her a few verses." The request was readily complied with,—and she read "*the Sermon on the Mount.*" The effect

of her mellow, truthful voice, cannot be described or forgotten, nor the expression she gave to the verse, "blessed are they that mourn for they *shall* be comforted."

One day two ladies called and were delighted to see Mr. Rogers, and he appeared equally delighted to see them. When they were gone, he said to his servant, "Edmund, who were those ladies?" I exclaimed "Oh, Mr. Rogers, I thought you knew them well!" He said, "no, my dear, I did not remember them; but they seemed so pleased to see me, it would have been unkind to tell them so."

I remember Mr. Rogers showed me a pile of sixpenny copy books, yellow with age, and quite full of his neat, small writing; and he told me that ever since he was a boy of ten years old, he wrote down any story or anecdote which interested him; and he added "I always tried to write it in as few words as

possible to make it clear." What a mine of interest might be found in those books,* when the time comes for publishing them, or any part of them!

Mr. Rogers was fond of talking about different styles of writing. He greatly admired Pope and Addison; but he was not a "*worshipper*" of Wordsworth; for I have often heard him say that "if Wordsworth had been *obliged* to write his poems in HALF the number of volumes, there would not have been *two* opinions about his poetry." He had many an argument on this subject with Crabbe Robinson, who had made Wordsworth his "Hero."

Mr. Rogers had so great a taste for brevity, that he told me the best note he ever had in his life, was from Lady Dufferin when he wrote and asked if she would come to breakfast at 10 o'clock to

* Since writing the above I find that a small volume of Mr. Rogers' notes has been published called "Recollections by Rogers."

meet Tom Moore? Her answer was,

Dear Mr. Rogers,
Won't I?
Yours affectionately.

Another instance of the brevity which Mr. Rogers so much admired was the speech of a friend whose wedding he attended.

In acknowledging the toast of "The health of the Bride," the bridegroom arose and said these few words,—"When I think of the treasure I have won in the wife by my side, my heart dances with joy! but when I think of the happy home and many loved ones she is leaving, I tremble lest I should not be to her all she deserves."

This Mr. Rogers told me was the best speech he ever heard at a wedding breakfast, and he attended a very large number, including my own.

I must not omit to mention a story of Mr. Rogers and the great Duke of

Wellington, which his brother, Lord Charles Wellesley, told me. He said "My brother the Duke had a great regard for the Poet Rogers, and, it so happened that there was an old tree on his lawn at Strathfieldsaye which reminded him of Mr. Rogers. The tree was very old, and nearly dead, and many of the Duke's guests asked him why he did not cut it down? He always answered "he could not do so, because it reminded him of his old friend Rogers." At last Mr. Rogers himself said "why do you spoil your lawn by not cutting down that old tree?" The ever-ready Duke replied "I am sure Mr. Rogers, *you* will be the last person to blame me when I tell you it reminds me of an old friend." "Quite enough" said the Author of the Pleasures of Memory! Does not this anecdote prove that the Iron Duke's "tact" was equal to his tactics?

I remember one day when Miss Rogers and myself were the only guests at his table, and he said something rather

severe of an absent friend, I ventured to say "Oh, Mr. Rogers, there is great kindness of heart under that brusque manner." He pushed away his plate, and did not speak another word. When the servants had left the room, I held out my hand, and said, "pray forgive my impertinence, I had no business to give an opinion, for I am only a young girl." He took up my hand and kissed it, and said, "I wish I could change *my* impertinence for *yours*. I ought not to have said what I did."

It was pleasant to hear of Mr. Rogers' many kind acts; and he was, on the whole, wonderfully little spoilt by the enormous amount of adulation he received. It would be far more difficult to enumerate his many kind *acts*, than his *severe speeches*, and after all, people should be judged by what they *do*, more than by what they *say!* I think Mr. Rogers' kindness of heart increased as he grew older; and he often reminded me,

in his latter days, of his own favourite scene "*a fine sunset.*"

One day when speaking of sunsets, Mr. Rogers said, You may enjoy the remembrance of them, when the sun is gone down, and your eyes shut, while resting them." "Yes" said his old friend Dr. Skey, "when you draw Nature's curtains."

It was very touching to see him after his Sister's death, when his mind and fine memory frequently wandered, and he could not always separate the present from the past. His Sister bequeathed her beautiful pictures to him, when he was past ninety; and as they were hung on the walls with his own, it often puzzled him, when his eyes rested on them. He sometimes said when he was tired "*take me home,*" and the servant had to explain that he was at home and not at his Sister's house. His Niece told me that he often, during his last days, thought that old friends were sitting on the empty chairs

around him! and I remember Keble's lines

"Never less alone, than when alone."

The last time I saw him, not very long before his death, he pointed to his sister's favourite picture, and said with a sigh, "ah! she is gone," and after a pause he said "But whether she come, or whether she go, or whether you come or whether you go, we shall all meet at last!" and he kept repeating this over and over again, until he was nearly asleep—and I did not interrupt him.

The best likeness of him, in my opinion, is the excellent photograph taken by his faithful servant, Edmund Paine. The bas-relief on his tomb at Highgate vividly recalls his face as it appeared in his last days.

The simple inscription is as follows:—

In Memory of
SAMUEL ROGERS,
Author of the "Pleasures of Memory."
Born at Newington Green, July 30,
1763.
Died at St. James' Place, Westminster, Dec. 18,
1855.
His mortal remains are buried in this churchyard.

In closing these notes, after an interval of many years, I feel how much pleasure I owe to the impression left on my young mind, by the pure taste, simple manners, and highly cultivated minds of my kind friends, Mr. and Miss Rogers, and the remarkable circle by which they were surrounded; and I often think with gratitude of Miss Rogers' advice to me,—"Put away your work and book, my dear, and listen to these *living* books." I only wish I could make these "listenings" plainer to my readers!

J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

It was at the house of my kind old friend Miss Rogers, that I first had the pleasure of meeting the great genius J. M. W. Turner, but I was too young at the time to understand the extent of his fame. I distinctly remember his small bent figure, his Jewish cast of feature, and his kind, shy manner. His small "grey glittering eyes" were so like my idea of the "Ancient Mariner's" that I listened attentively to all he said. But he spoke little, as if *painting* were his only language. His voice was deep and husky, and full of feeling; his sentences broken, but letting out flashes of wit and humour, almost involuntarily.

He was seen to great advantage with the Poet Rogers, and his sister, also with Mr. Carrick Moore and his family, and at Sir Charles Eastlake's, late President of the Royal Academy, who always treated him with the greatest attention and respect.

I used to meet him at these houses three or four times a week, and when I married he used to come and dine with us in Hertford Street. He was most kind in allowing me to take my friends to see the wonderful gallery of his own pictures, in his old house in Queen Anne Street, so admirably described by Mr. Tom Taylor in his obituary notice of Turner in the *Times* of the 10th November, 1856, less than a year after the death of Rogers, whose works he had so beautifully illustrated!

I remember one day at Miss Rogers' somebody asked him how he liked the new rooms for the Royal Academy Exhibition in Trafalgar Square. He said, "I

shall never like any new rooms as well as Somerset House, where I heard my pictures praised when I was a lad." He then turned to me, and said "When I was a boy, I used to lie on my back for hours watching the skies, and then go home and paint them; and there was a stall in the Soho Bazaar where they sold drawing materials, and they used to *buy* my skies. They gave me 1s. 6d. for the small ones, and 3s. 6d. for the larger ones!" and he added, with a shrug, "There's many a young lady has got My sky to her drawing." I said, I wish *I* had: He replied, "No, my dear, for then you would be as old as I am."

Turner was a real worshipper of Nature in all its phases,—in storm and sunshine, in sunrise and sunset, and he would have been pleased at the sight we once saw in the Kensington Gardens. One cold day in February, when the snow was on the ground, we saw a little boy of six years old on his knees in the snow, with a tiny

pencil, and a tiny note-book, trying to draw the first crocus which was peeping out of the ground. The boy longed for a sketch of the crocus, and I longed for a sketch of him!

Turner told me that, "People talk a great deal about *sunsets*, but when you are all fast asleep, I am watching effects of *sunrise* far more beautiful; and then, you see, the *light* does not fail, and you can paint them."

All who have tried painting *sunsets* will feel how often the fading light has altered all the effects and appearance of the colours they were using.

One day Turner took me down to dinner at Mr. Rogers, and he said "Have you read '*Ruskin on Me*?' I said "No." He replied "but you will some day," and then added with his own peculiar shrug, "He sees *more* in my pictures than I ever painted!" but he seemed very much pleased. It is easy to understand this, for Turner's pictures appeal so

much to the imagination, that much *must* depend on the imagination of the critic.

Another day, when I met Turner at Mr. Rogers' house, and there were several Artists present, the conversation turned on what they called "*Composition.*" All agreed that *Raphael* was the greatest master; and Turner maintained that the great beauty of his "composition" was the *harmony* which was caused by keeping the rest of the picture in subjection to the principal part—whether it was the Holy Family or any other subject. Somebody took up an engraving (I think of Michael Angelo's) and pointing to a figure in the corner, said "Do you mean to say you would wish to do away with that fine figure?"

Turner paused a few moments, and then said "If I were so fond of that figure I would paint a picture on purpose for him, and put him in the middle." We all laughed and so did he!

A friend of Turner's told me that his

mode of painting was as original as himself, for he was constantly running away from his picture to see the effect across the room, and quickly returning to improve or alter, so that his occupation was anything but a sedentary one!

On one occasion when a brother Artist was examining his pictures rather closely, he said, "I painted my pictures to be looked at, not to be smelt."

When I was staying at Mr. Carrick Moore's (Sir John Moore's brother) at their summer quarters at Thames Ditton, Turner was also their guest, and when the ladies proposed to go over the river to Hampton Court Gardens, Turner said "and I will row you." This was an offer difficult to refuse, so we got into the boat and started. Turner was then about 80. There was some difficulty in landing by the sedgy bank, but we said it would do very well; however, Turner insisted on taking us further on to a more convenient

place, because he said with his shrug "None but the brave deserve the fair."

One evening at one of Mr. Babbage's charming Saturday Evening parties, Mr. Rogers was eagerly expecting Turner, but he did not arrive until late. As soon as he made his appearance, Mr. Rogers said to me, as I was standing near the door "Here he comes! like a three year old," but this was quite too much for Turner, who thought they were going to make a "*Lion*" of him, and after shaking hands with Mr. Babbage he soon made his escape.

I am indebted to a friend for the following anecdote—

"Turner had a consciousness of his own power which showed itself in a dry, and perhaps caustic manner, as in the following instance. He took great advantage of what were termed "Varnishing Days" previous to the exhibitions of the Royal Academy, bringing his pictures to that pitch of colour which he thought necessary, on their walls. One day

Constable leaning over him, said, "I don't understand Mr. Turner, how you see Nature, I can't see her as you do." "I dare say not" replied Turner, "don't you wish you could?" This anecdote is from one who heard the little passage of words.

Another friend writes,

"I dare say you remember Turner's old woman in Queen Anne St. I believe he had no other servant but her. The late Lord Lansdowne used with great glee to tell a story of his having called there, and having rang the bell several times in vain, he said he would ring it once more. The old woman appeared in the area, and, looking up at Lord Lansdowne, said "Be you the cat's meat man?"

Though Turner was so old, he was still shy. His face was full of feeling, and tears readily came to his eyes when he heard a sad story. In short, he had great intensity as well as great refinement of feeling, with a crust of roughness,

as if he wished to hide it, and only to express it in his most marvellous pictures.

Probably no other Artist (without the aid of pupils) has left so large a number of pictures, large and small, in oil and water-colours, for the benefit of future ages.

The advice I gathered from him was in a few words,

"First of all, respect your paper!

"Keep your corners quiet

"Centre your interest

"And always remember, that, as you can never reach the *brilliancy* of Nature, you need never be afraid of putting your brightest light next to your deepest shadow, in the *centre*, but not in the *corners* of your picture."

I wish I had more notes of this wonderful genius; but he spoke so little, and painted so much, that it may seem presumptuous to add my small testimony to the impression he made.

Charles Babbage.

CHARLES BABBAGE.

I cannot remember the first time I met my kind old friend Mr. Babbage, but he told me it was at the house of the late Mr. Nassau W. Senior, at Kensington Gore, where I was always so kindly welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Senior, and where I met so large a number of the most remarkable men and women of the day, both Foreign and English.

This house was built by Mr. Senior, and the trees were planted by him. It is now called 13, Hyde Park Gate, Kensington Gore.

Mr. Senior was one of the few who had followed the Poet Rogers' plan of "breakfast parties," and most enjoyable they were, in his charming house, with its pleasant garden, which in those days

seemed almost like the country, from its many trees and few buildings around.

The circle of guests at Mr. Senior's was different to Mr. Rogers. There were fewer Poets, and more Historians and Politicians, etc., such as Lord Macaulay, Lord Lansdowne, Archbishop Whately, Sir James Stephen, Thiers, Hallam, Thackeray, M. Van de Weyer, Mr. and Mrs. Grote, Mrs. Austin, Mr. Chadwick, Mr. Grant Duff, Mr. Merivale, and many other authors well-known at home and abroad.

It was here I saw Webster, the American Politician who was said to look "wiser than a man could possibly be."

The conversation at Mr. Senior's breakfast parties was often too deep for the younger ladies to take a part, however much they might enjoy listening to discussions on "Education," on "Political Economy," and last not least, on "the future division of Europe."

I well remember a large map of Europe,

which drew over the bookcase, and over which there were many deep and earnest discussions between Mr. Senior and his guests from France, Germany, America, Italy, Austria and Poland! I often think of those happy days and of my delight at being mounted for the first time on a big horse, and riding with Mr. Senior to Richmond Park and back, before breakfast, as he wished to take a communication of importance to Lord Russell at Pembroke Lodge.

To give a list of the visitors at Mr. Senior's house would be to include the names of almost all the most distinguished persons in Italy, France and England. Cavour, Azeglio, Minghetti, and many other Italians were to be seen there, as well as Guizot, Thiers, Léon Say, Ampère, Tocqueville, &c., &c.

Macaulay, Sydney Smith, and Sir James Stephen passed away, and a new list of English men of letters took their places. Of these Thackeray, Kinglake,

Merivale, Milman, Sir George Lewis, Charles Villiers, Tom Taylor, Lord Ashburton, and many others were constantly at Mr. Senior's house. Perhaps it was never so brilliant as during the Exhibition of 1862. Mr. Senior was one of the Jurors, and he exercised a royal hospitality. His house was close to the Exhibition, and he received the most eminent of the foreigners who flocked to London at that time. Almost every day there were guests at his breakfast table, and every Friday evening the house was open to all his friends.

Two years later it was closed for ever! But the remembrance of those happy days will not pass away. Who could forget the kind welcome received in that house, and Mrs. Senior's happy power of making all her guests feel at their ease—old or young, Foreign or English! Her frank, cordial manner, and untiring spirits, and all her kind exertions on behalf of her guests can never be forgotten by them!

One of the most welcome guests in that most hospitable house, (which Sydney Smith called "*The Chapel of Ease to Lansdowne House*") was the great and good Archbishop Whately. If Mr. Senior had "*a Hero*," I think it was Whately, whose fine bust in marble was opposite his own, in his drawing-room, and his only son was Whately's god-son. That most wise and benevolent Archbishop was my dear Father's Tutor, at Oriel College, Oxford, to which I trace the kind interest he took in me. My *infantine* remembrance of him was by no means agreeable, as he used to pick me up, and poise me on his two hands high up in the air, and before I had recovered from the effects of that exalted position, he used to imitate a Lion, and growl, and walk on his hands and knees and frighten me out of my wits! I much preferred his telling me stories, and talking to me about the stars.

He afterwards gave me lessons on gardening in Mr. Senior's garden, and

taught me how to bud rose-trees in his own peculiar manner, by inserting the end of the graft into a small tube of water, and tying it to the tree to prevent its getting too dry. He kindly gave me my first ride on an elephant, by taking me with the little Seniors to the Zoological Gardens, a treat I shall never forget. We were joined there by his wife's brother, Mr. Pope, and his brother-in-law, Mr. Bishop, and I remember the amusement of the crowd, when one said "*Bishop* look at this bird" and another "*Archbishop* come this way" and "*Pope* look at this geranium." It was an accidental combination of names which was very amusing.

It so happened when I was staying at Mr. Senior's, Archbishop Whately slept in the room next to mine, and he moaned so pitifully I thought he was very ill; and I told Mrs. Senior, so she asked if he was suffering? He said, "I did not know anyone heard me, but I often moan for *poor Ireland*." He did not live to see

all the improvements in that country which he had in so great a degree originated.

I remember the Archbishop told an amusing story about a favourite old parishioner. His new curate preached rather a flowery sermon, and he asked the old woman how she liked it. She answered "*very much indeed.*" But, he said, "are you sure you *understood* it? Her simple answer was, "Lor Sir, do you think I'd presume!"

I was staying with Mr. and Mrs. Senior when a large parcel of books arrived for their son, and on opening it, it was found to contain copies of *all* Archbishop Whately's works for his god-son. When I counted them, my respect for the Author was greater than ever, and I felt like the old woman!

The last sight I had of his fine face, which I think was the most benevolent I ever saw, was a beautiful cast after death, which somebody (knowing I conclude his belief in Phrenology) had

placed in the Museum at Brighton, as the best contrast to a room full of casts of murderers! A more striking contrast one could not imagine,—the sweet smile of Death,—"the rapture of repose," *was there*, instead of the fearful horror on the other casts.

It always appeared to me that his friend Mr. Senior was a singularly honest and independent man in *all* his views,—and he employed the great intellect he possessed for "*measures*" rather than for "*party purposes*." For this he was, and is, admired; but no doubt his worldly *rank* would have been higher, if he had stooped to the latter course!

There is a passage in a recent notice of Mr. Senior which well sums up his life work:—

"The mistaken charity of his father in his parochial visits made an abiding impression on his son, and the wants both moral and material of the poor, and how to remedy them without increasing the

evils instead of mitigating them, were the objects of his unceasing study and efforts."

But to return to Mr. Babbage whom I met more frequently than any other Philosopher, not only at Mr. Senior's, but at Mr. and Miss Rogers, at Baroness Burdett Coutts, at Sir Charles Eastlake's, at Mr. Carrick Moore's, at Lady Chantrey's, Lady Bell's, Mr. Bates and many other houses. I also met him staying at country houses, so I had frequent opportunities of seeing him, and I have some interesting letters from him, which his son Colonel Babbage asked me to keep, in case he wished to make use of them. Mr. Babbage had not a large correspondence, from the fact that he lived so much *with* his friends, that he had little occasion to write more than answers to invitations, etc. If this had not been the case, his collection of autographs would have been most interesting, from the large number of remarkable

men and women with whom he lived on terms of intimacy.

Miss Martineau in her interesting (though painful) autobiography gives so good a sketch of Mr. Babbage that I here transcribe it, feeling sure that all who knew him *well*, would feel its truth :—

"As for Mr. Babbage it seemed to me that few men were more misunderstood: His sensitiveness about 'opinion' perverting other people's impressions of him quite as much as his of them. For one instance he was amused as well as struck by the very small reliance to be placed on *opinion*, public or private, for or against individuals; and he thought over some method of bringing his observations to a sort of demonstration. Thinking that he was likely to hear most of opinions about himself, as a then popular author, he collected everything he could gather in print about himself, and pasted it in a large folio book, with the "pros" and "cons" in parallel columns, from which

he obtained a sort of balance, besides some highly curious observations.

"Soon after he told me this, with fun and good humour, I was told repeatedly that he spent his days in gloating and grumbling over what people said of him, having got it all down in a book, which he was always poring over. People who so represented him, had little idea what domestic tenderness was in him, though to me, his singular face seemed to show it, nor how much that was really interesting might be found by those who viewed him naturally and kindly. All were eager to go to his glorious soirées; and I always thought he appeared to advantage as a 'Host.'"

The origin of these "glorious soirées" Mr. Babbage told me was as follows. When Mrs. Babbage was living with her son at Dorset Street, Manchester Square, she expressed a wish to see some of the remarkable characters he so frequently met, and he said, "I considered how I

could contrive it, as she was too old and infirm to go into Society, and I planned to place her in a sheltered corner of my drawing-room, and then she could see the guests I invited without the fatigue of conversing with them."

These soirées succeeded so admirably in every way that they were continued many seasons after his mother's death. Lady Lyell told me that he also had a room for the servants, with tea and coffee, papers and books, to prevent their waiting outside in the cold or rain.

I asked Mr. Babbage why he discontinued these charming parties, and he answered, "so many of my friends asked for permission to bring their friends that at last I hardly knew more than half of the guests in my room."

At these parties I often met such guests as the following, Lady Lovelace, (formerly Ada Byron) Livingstone, Landseer, Charles Dickens, Archbishop Whately, Sir Charles Eastlake, Turner,

M. Van de Weyer, Rogers, Hallam, Sir Charles and Lady Lyell, the Horner family, the Carrick Moore family, Barry Cornwall and Mrs. and Miss Procter, Lady Bell, Lady Becher, the Pollock family, the Kemble family, the Senior family, Lady Davy, Mrs. Leycester Stanhope, Lady Chantrey, Mrs. Norton and many others well known in London Society. The rooms were ordinary rooms, with folding doors, not large or handsomely furnished. The model of "the calculating machine" was on a stand in the middle of one room ; and in the other was the celebrated Automaton figure, called "the Silver Lady," which Mr. Babbage describes in his last book and which he obtained with some difficulty, having years before "lost his heart to her," as he expressed it. This figure moved her arms and head most gracefully, and even moved her eyes, and almost smiled, as if she was amused with your astonishment.

It was Mr. Babbage who first advised me to "take notes" of what I saw and heard. He said, "If a thing occurs once it is an '*incident*,' if twice it is a '*coincident*' and if it occurs three times, note it, examine it well, for on it may possibly hang a discovery useful to mankind."

When Mr. Babbage was visiting the late Emperor of the French, Louis Napoleon, the Empress Eugénie said to him "Oh, Mr. Babbage! I cannot think how you can devote so much time to figures, I find them so *dull*." His answer was, "Precisely, your Majesty, because they *are* so dull, I thought I would invent a machine to do the work."

When I removed from London to Richmond, Mr. Babbage often came to see me, and he kindly had a plan drawn for me of the country seen from the drawing room windows, which he sent with some Maps, and he afterwards gave us a beautiful pedestal telescope to trace the distant hills, as a wedding present.

What struck me most in Mr. Babbage's character, was his thoughtful kindness, his remarkable acuteness, and his almost painfully sensitive feelings. I often wished he had taken to heart a passage I copied from a Review, "Never to listen to, much less believe, the alleged unkindness of a Friend. We all have our complaining and uncongenial moments when we let drop expressions at variance from our habitual feelings. These are repeated from design, or carelessness, and so may end the solace of a life."

Mr. Babbage was tender in his friendship and bitter in his hatred, so bitter, that I used to say to him "How lucky it is your bark is worse than your bite!"

Though Mr. Babbage was always ready to talk on any subject (but Music and Poetry) he never missed an opportunity of talking about his wonderful machine "The Difference Engine," or the "*Leviathan*," as he called it. He assured me that when it was finished it

would, "analyse everything, and reduce everything to its first principles and so include future inventions, and in short almost supersede the human mind." He added, 'It will even analyse 'wit.'" I asked how it would do that? He answered "It will divide wit into different kinds; 'Exaggeration' is Sidney Smith's favourite kind of wit, 'Sympathy with the wrong object,' is another kind of wit, and I will give you an instance:—

"A learned friend of mine was dining with Lord S, and after a long conversation the Lord said, 'I am very stupid today, my wits are gone to the dogs.' My friend immediately exclaimed '*Poor dogs.*'"

This story Mr. Babbage printed years afterwards with the *name* of his friend (Sir Harris Nicolas,) and with this addition; "It is evident in this case that the wit of the reply arose from sympathy expressed on the wrong side. The 'Peer' expected sympathy from the 'Knight' but the Knight gave 'it to the dogs.'"

Soon after hearing this story I was staying with my kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Carrick Moore, in their summer quarters at Thames Ditton, and a gentleman called, and stood some time talking near the door, which a servant opened so suddenly that it gave the gentleman a severe blow on his face. He immediately examined the door minutely and then turned to Mrs. Moore and said, "I am very glad to find my nose has not injured your door," and he speedily disappeared leaving us laughing at his wit, instead of distressed at the blow. I immediately thought of Mr. Babbage's definition about "Sympathy with the wrong object."

The expression of Mr. Babbage's face was very sad, but it quickly disappeared in conversation, though it returned to his face in repose. He indulged in a kind of mental anatomy with himself and others, which was very amusing, and most original. There was a look of overwork and mental strain in his coun-

tenance which made me right glad when we could persuade him to forget all his worries about his machines and latterly the organs, to spend a quiet day in the country, enjoying a walk or drive in Richmond Park, and a visit to the beloved Professor Owen at Sheen Lodge.

Mr. Babbage told me that he had one of his cupboards divided into a number of little cells, and when he received letters, pamphlets and books on any subject he thus kept them separate for reference. He told me at the same time that the *Times* newspaper was worked on this principle, and that whenever the cells were quite full, the contents were given to one of their writers for an Article in the next day's papers, and thus, he said, they are able to feel the pulse of public opinion.

It was a favourite idea of Mr. Babbage's that every one carried on a double existence, and the same idea is expressed by my old friend, Mr. Thomas Hughes, in

his admirable Memoir of his Brother, and it is Keble who tells us that

"Not e'en the tenderest heart, and next our own,
Knows half the reasons, why we smile or sigh."

I remember one day Mr. Babbage came down to Richmond quite in low spirits at the persecution he had received regarding the organs, etc., and I was much shocked to find when I called on some friends in Manchester Square, that there was a subscription started to encourage the organs to worry him! He told me with a dismal face that one day when he was walking in the city and just going to cross a street, a pretty little girl cried out "There goes old Babbage!" He was then engaged in five actions about the brass bands, and organs, and he was in correspondence with Sir Richard Mayne, and the Home Office, for power to suppress them.

It was pleasant to see him forget all this worry in new plans to improve our little garden; and he used to astonish

our neighbours by having mirrors brought down, to place at the end of the walk, to reflect the arches of rose-trees. He also proposed closing in our area for an aviary, but being an old friend of Mr. Chadwick's this was resisted on the score of health.

It was difficult to understand Mr. Babbage's views on Religious subjects; but that he had the greatest reverence for the Supreme Being, I have not the smallest doubt. He had so great a horror of "*cant*,"* that he fell into the opposite extreme, and made many believe he had no religion at all. His mind was much too exclusively occupied with one set of subjects; he had not had the relaxation which the love of poetry and music affords, and ultimately this hastened the loss of his fine memory. He told me with distress one day that he had forgotten my name, and my Father's name, when he

* Dr. Johnson thus describes the word "*cant*:" "a whining pretension to goodness in formal and affected terms."

came to see me. He had also forgotten his cards, so he took a small brass cog-wheel out of his waistcoat pocket and scratched his name on it and left it for a card! and he did the same at Professor Owen's door.

I was assured by an eminent Physician that Mr. Babbage greatly injured his health of mind and body by constant pressure on one subject. In engineering he made allowances for "*wear and tear*," surely there is "*wear and tear*" in Life.

It was at one of Mr. Babbage's charming Saturday evening parties that I first met "Adelaide Anne Procter," a poetess by nature and by birth. In that crowd of celebrated people her pale, pure face and young figure in a simple white dress, rivetted my attention, and I asked who she was, and almost why she was there, for she seemed to belong to a crowd of angels, rather than a crowd of mortals; the expression of her eyes was "far away," though she was ready to converse with

those who addressed her. When I afterwards read her beautiful Poetry, and became acquainted with her character, so charmingly sketched by Charles Dickens in the last edition of her works, I quite understood her wrapt expression, for she might have been saying her own most beautiful lines on "Thankfulness."

"My God I thank Thee Who hast made
The Earth so bright;
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right!

"I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us around,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

"I thank Thee *more*, that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain;
So that Earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

"For Thou Who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings,
That we should see gleaming on high
Diviner things!

"I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more:
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before!

"I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls
Though amply blest;
Can never find, although they seek
A perfect rest;
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast!"

Professor Faraday.

PROFESSOR FARADAY.

In attempting to describe so great a genius as Faraday's one feels how very imperfect words are to convey to others an idea of the charm of his character; but as every year lessens the number of those who had a personal knowledge of him, both as a Lecturer, and in the small but happy circle of his Friends, it is well to gather even the crumbs of the vast impression he made in what he called "this Planet, which we call our Earth."

I first saw his radiant face in the Lecture-room at the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street. He was then living with his wife and niece in rooms

in the same building, and he had a pretty house, granted to him by the Queen, on the Thames, near Hampton Green.

I was young at the time, but not too young to receive a lasting impression of his great talent, great goodness, and the wonderful simplicity of his nature. All this was evident, directly he spoke, in his clear, bright, truthful voice. His lectures were "*mind addressing mind*," and you felt he was full of sympathy with his audience; and with his fellow creatures, though so far above them!

There was a touching gentleness in his manner, which, together with the brilliancy of his intellect, produced a startling effect, and you felt that you "never would look on his like again!"

The clearness with which he explained the most difficult experiments, his kind manner to his valued assistant, Mr. Anderson, his good nature and patience, if by chance they failed,—which was rare, and then made a reason for explain-

ing *why* they failed—all this left an impression on the mind which not even the aid of painting and sculpture can recall; but which will ever remain a happy remembrance to those who had the great good fortune to hear him.

His sweet wife was asked why *she* did not study Chemistry; her simple answer was, "already it is so absorbing, and exciting to him, that it often deprives him of his sleep and I am quite content to be the pillow of his mind." Without such a pillow, the tissues of that fine brain would not have been spared to us so long!

There are some characters which seem to strike one quite as much by what they are *not* as what they *are*, and Faraday's was one of this number, for how rare it is to find so much talent, with so much humility, so much appreciation of all there is to charm in this world, without being *spoilt* by it!

I never ceased to regret that I had not an opportunity of hearing him address

the sect of Christians to which he belonged, called the "Sandemanians," from Sandeman, their founder, for it was very evident, even in his Lectures, that he had the *deepest* sense of religion, and that he was one of those happy mortals who could read" sermons in stones, and good in everything."

I remember a lecture of Faraday's in which he explained the (*then*) new discovery of "*Ozone*." He said, "These are the *glimmerings* we have of what we are pleased to call the "*second causes*," by which the *one Great Cause* works his wonders, and governs this earth. We flattered ourselves we knew what air was composed of, and now we discover a *new* property, which is imponderable, and invisible, except through its *effects*, which I showed you in the last experiment; but while it fades the ribbon, it gives the glow of health to the cheek, and is just as necessary for the good of mankind, as the other parts of which air is composed."

On another occasion when Faraday was taking leave of his ever-attentive audience, which included the great and good Prince Albert, he expressed regret at parting with those who he said "might never *all* meet again." His voice faltered, and tears were in his eyes. The good Prince stepped forward to thank him, but seeing the Professor was overcome he took up an instrument, pretending to examine it until Faraday recovered his self-possession, and then he put out his hand, and shook hands with him in a manner never to be forgotten. There was a radiance in the eyes of both, which made you feel that they were born for the Happy Land, where who can doubt they have met!

There was always a vastness in Faraday's similes, which was most striking, and it was recalled to my mind when I read the following fine passage from Sir Samuel Baker's conversation with the Mahometan :—

"My brother, I would reply, we are all God's creatures, believing in One Great Spirit, who created us and all things, who made this atom of dust we call our world, a tiny star in the Host of Heaven. We, differing in race, in colour, are striving through our short but weary pilgrimage to the same high point, to the mountain top, where we trust to meet when the journey of life shall be accomplished.

"That mountain is steep, the way is desert. Is there but one path, or are there many? Your path and mine are different, but with God's help they will lead us to the top.

"Shall we quarrel over the well on the thirsty way, or shall we drink together and be thankful for the cool waters, and strive to reach the end?

"Drink from my water skin, when upon the desert we thirst together, scorched by the same sun, cooled by the same night until we reach the journey's end, and together thank God, Christian

and Mahometan, that we have reached Home."

There is a grand simplicity and vastness in these similes from Nature, which well suit such great characters as Faraday's, and it is refreshing to dwell on them, in the midst of the petty differences of what we call "*The Holy Catholic Church.*" Would that she were more true to herself, in that one excellent gift of *Charity* "the very bond of peace and of all virtues," which, like sunshine has power to brighten even the darkest path.

After reading the above, my friend Lady Smart writes thus:—

"The sketch of Faraday is most interesting to me, as I was a constant and rapt attendant of his never-to-be forgotten Friday evening Conversazione when spending winter months with my Brother in London. His was a mind whose like we shall never see again. So lofty and so humble, he soared so high that

he could feel the insignificance of man's intellect compared with all there is yet to know and which he opened out to us. One could not leave his Lectures without a feeling of having lived for a short time in a higher atmosphere, of having had an insight into the wonders of immortality where all these wonders would be understood."

John Freneston Adolphus.

JOHN LEYCESTER ADOLPHUS.

Late one of Her Majesty's County Court Judges.
Author of "Letters on the Author of Waverley," "Letters from Spain," etc., etc., etc.

The very name of "John Leycester Adolphus" calls up a host of pleasant recollections to all who knew him! His delicate satire, his well-stored and well-balanced mind, and his sound judgment, formed a whole which made a deep impression on all who had the happiness to call him their friend. His nature was so shy and retiring that it was only to his most intimate friends he showed the finest shades of his character.

Some people only saw one view of him, but even they admired his ever ready, and never unkind wit, and his extreme gentleness and simplicity of character.

On the Northern Circuit he was the favourite he well deserved to be, and the strong box of jokes had no larger contributor than himself. Many a weary cause has been enlivened by his quiet, pungent wit, though no good cause has been hurt by it! His appreciation of all that was good in others, whether it was of head or heart, was a marked trait in his character.

That "*vile leprosy, jealousy*" (as Jeremy Taylor calls it) found no spot to infect in that "most gentle gentleman." Perhaps *to those* who only knew him *slightly* this may seem exaggeration; but to those who knew him *well*, no poor words of mine could complete a portrait, and I am only attempting a sketch of him.

I first met him in London Society, but it was not until we met for years on the

"Northern Circuit," that I fully understood his sweet amiability, his forgetfulness of self, and his readiness to do a kind act.

Though all this is lost to us "for a time," we may quote his own words that it is not "for ever;" and I copy from one of his own letters on the death of one very dear to us both.

"I cannot believe that what we have so much loved, and ought to have so much loved, will not after this life be restored to us—to those who are found worthy—in its own form, though brightened and purified beyond what we now can conceive. No doubt the nearer access to God himself will be a happiness more absorbing than we can imagine in our present state; but I hope we are permitted to believe that this happiness may be enjoyed in companionship with those who were dear to us in life, as on earth the family of Lazarus enjoyed the presence of Christ. Perhaps these are presumptuous conjec-

tures; God grant us one day a joyful knowledge of the truth; and may he continue to you in the meantime the patience and fortitude with which you have been so much blessed."

These words speak for themselves, and are comforting to us *all*, coming as they do from so good, so calm, and so truthful a Christian.

It was a great pleasure to see him in the happy circle of friends at Home, surrounded by his books, and selecting passages to read aloud, or discussing his favourite Authors. Long before I met him I had heard from friends of Sir Walter Scott's that no criticism pleased Scott more than his "Letters on the Author of Waverley," and Mr. Adolphus, then a young Oxonian, was invited to stay at Abbotsford.

Those of my readers who are not acquainted with Mr. Adolphus's first book may like to know that it was a Series of Letters, addressed to Bishop

Heber's brother, containing critical remarks on the then unknown Author of Waverley and proving by internal evidence that the Author of "Marmion" was also the Author of "Waverley."

These letters were written with so much tact and delicacy that they could not offend even the Author who wished to preserve his incognito.

Mr. Adolphus then at Oxford and Fellow of St. John's College, received a most kind and flattering letter from Sir Walter Scott inviting him to Abbotsford, in the name of "The Author of Marmion." Thus commenced a warm friendship which lasted until Sir Walter Scott's death.

Mr. Adolphus made frequent visits to Abbotsford both before and after his marriage, and I remember one evening, when I was staying with Mr. and Mrs. Adolphus, we were all talking of "living our lives over again," and I asked Mr. Adolphus which part of his life he wished

to live over again, and he answered immediately "my visits to Abbotsford."

Mr. Adolphus' sister told me that she always looked up to her Brother as so perfect and so clever, even in his youth, that she went to him for everything she wanted to know. Her love for him was only equalled by her admiration—and she adds, "I remember recently seeing a letter my Father wrote to an old friend on his little boy's birthday, in which this passage occurs:—

'"The best wish I can offer you is that when your boy is eighteen, as mine now is, you may be able to say, as I with truth can, he never said a thing I wished unsaid, or did a thing I wished undone."'

It is difficult to describe his ever ready though *evanescent* wit, which was called forth by the smallest circumstance. On one occasion, at family prayers, Mrs. Adolphus was so near our favourite parrot that when he unfortunately began to bathe he sprinkled the water over her

beautiful dress, and when I helped to dry it, and was very sorry, Mr. Adolphus said, "oh never mind, it is all right, for I am sure the bird has often heard you say that 'cleanliness is next to godliness.' It could not say its prayers, so it took its bath."

I never can forget his kind manner to me, when I last saw him, in his last illness. After talking of a sad event, he said, "This is a strange world; but what a blessing it is there is another, and a much happier world."

A few days afterwards he was called to that happier world, and we all felt what a bright light had left us!

The following lines might have been written for him:

"*His life*, to woo us unto Heaven was lent us—
His death, to wean us from the World was sent us."

END OF PART I.

Christmas.

1879.

"A Summer Greeting"
To my old Friends.

—

1880.

PREFACE TO PART II.

As one is permitted to place flowers on the graves of the loved and gifted ones, so there is pleasure in paying a tribute, however small, to those we have admired, loved and honoured. This is my reason for adding more chapters to *Sunny Memories*.

Keble's lines encourage me in the pleasant task

"If thou hast loved in hours of gloom
To dream the dead are near,
And people all the lonely room
With guardian spirits near,
Dream on the soothing dream at will!"

(*Christian Year*,)
(Page 397.)

Jane Elizabeth Senior.

JANE ELIZABETH SENIOR.

THE many notices which have appeared in the Public Journals, of the late Mrs. Nassau Senior, echo the deep feeling of sorrow which was felt, far and near, when she closed her most useful life.

Those who knew her only in the "butterfly" life of a busy London Season could little imagine the depth and earnestness of her character, or the large amount of practical wisdom she possessed; yet even there she was foremost in helping charities by employing her rare talent and charming voice for their benefit.

Among the many descriptions of her, and her good works, none are more true and beautiful than the following, from the pen of Mr. Tom Taylor, who, with his wife and Mrs. Brookfield followed her to her quiet grave in Woking Cemetery.

In Memoriam.

JANE ELIZABETH SENIOR.

Died, aged forty-eight, at 98, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, on Saturday, March 24; Buried at Woking Cemetery, Monday, March 26, 1877.

MRS. SENIOR, sister of Thomas Hughes, Q.C., and daughter-in-law of the late Nassau W. Senior, was appointed by the Right Honourable James Stansfeld, President of the Local Government Board, first, in February, 1873, temporary Assistant Inspector, and in January, 1874, permanent Inspector of the Department, to inquire, and report, especially, on the female departments of Workhouses and Workhouse Schools, and the care and education of female pauper girls and the nursing of infants. She was forced by the illness of which she died to resign this employment in November, 1874. Mrs. Senior was the first woman ever employed in such a capacity.

Not for the bright face we shall see no more,
  Not for the sweet voice we no more shall hear;
Not for the heart with kindness brimming o'er,
  Large charity, and sympathy sincere.

These are not things that ask a public pen
  To blazon its memorial o'er her name;
But, that in public work she wrought with men,
  And faced their frowns and over-lived their blame.

Yet never swerved a hair's breadth from the line
Of woman's softness, gentleness, and grace;
But brought from these an influence to refine
Rough tasks and squalid, and there leave its trace.

Honour to him who in a sneering age,
Braved quip and carp and cavil, and proclaimed
A woman's fitness pauper needs to gauge,—
In purpose strong, in purity unshamed.

For paupers too have sex; the workhouse walls
Hold mothers, maidens, and girl-babes, on whom
A woman's eye with woman's insight falls.
Sees its own ways for sunlight to their gloom.

And so this noble and brave lady turned
From glad life, luxury, and thronging friends
That hung on her sweet voice, and only yearned
To guide her holy work to useful ends.

But Death to Life begrudged her, striking down
The task unfinished from her willing hands,
Leaving to women yet to come the crown
Of her left life's-work, that for others stands.

Then lay and leave her in her quiet grave,
Where the sun shines undimmed, the rain falls clear
And birches bend, and deodaras wave
Evergreen arms of welcome o'er her bier.

The following lines appeared in the *Spectator:*

"True woman, gentle, and yet strong,
To strive with misery and wrong,
Thy voice was like a rythmic song
Mid aimless voices!

The Poet, whose fine ear hath caught
The music, with which life is fraught
Thro' all discordant deed and thought
Is loved and honoured.

He does but listen, and translate,
For us who stand behind the gate,
The harmonies for which we wait
And yet discover not.

But thou, with patient loving care
Did'st add a lost note here and there,
To the world's symphony, and dare
To make it sweeter.

His the restless rapture, thine
The dull routine of toil divine
When sympathy and skill combine
In lowly labour.

We who have not learnt to play
The tune God sets us day by day
Look up with wondering eyes, and say,
What was thy secret?

From her infancy I knew and loved this most kind, noble-hearted woman. She was like a tender sister to me, and I was often struck with the wisdom of her remarks, even in her early youth. She was an only daughter with seven brothers, and her chief delight was to help her beloved Mother in a thousand schemes to benefit the poor, and to make her friends happy at her maiden Home at

Donnington Priory near Newbury. Long will she be remembered in that neighbourhood, and by the many friends so kindly welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Hughes at "dear Donnington." A sunny memory it is indeed to them all! The old house and its charming garden, with a clear trout stream winding through it! The archery ground and all its happy associations—the hunt balls, and, last, not least the meeting of the Craven hounds at Donnington Castle, a sight never to be forgotten! The eager dogs, the gay huntsmen in their red coats, the sleek hunters, and the bright scene, which united so much life with so little sound and enchanted me, coming from noisy London, which Tennyson's words so well describe as "the sound of the roar of the footsteps of a mighty nation." The pleasure of travelling by the old coach, one must not be permitted time to describe in these railroad days, or one will be likened to the bore in Horace!

Mr. Hughes was an old friend of Sir Walter Scott's, and is mentioned by him, as an author, in the preface to "Quinton Durward." Sir Walter Scott was godfather to Mr. Hughes' fair son Walter, who was so much like his Sister, Mrs. Nassau Senior, that they were often taken for twins. I well remember a beautiful Staghound which came from Abbotsford, a dear dog, and a great favourite with every one.

Donnington Priory was the happy English country Home so well described in "Tom Brown's School days" and it will ever be fresh in my memory with gratitude for some of the happiest days of my life.

It was a pretty sight to see the fair young Daughter with the Sunday School children, and the quaint mixture of love and respect she called forth, even when herself almost a child!

A larger and more loving heart could not be found, and to this day I never see a careful hen collecting her

chickens under her wing, from far and near, without thinking of "dear Jeanie," and her wide "Sympathy," that other priceless gift "which cannot be gotten for gold, and its price is above rubies!"

As she grew older, her sweetness of character increased more and more, and quite contradicted the French motto which asserts that "everything wears out, even fine feelings." Well might her valued friend and physician, Dr. de Mussy, speak of *Sa disposition angelique*, for it was no exaggeration.

I must now make a few quotations from her admirable Report on Female Pauper Schools, the truth of which has been often brought before my notice by personal experience.

"One of the greatest objections to the plan of bringing up girls in *large* schools is that they are unable to get the cherishing care and individual attention that is of far more importance in the formation of a girl's character than anything else in the world. The officers have so much

routine work to get through that it is absolutely impossible for them to give themselves sufficient time to individualize and influence the girls under their care. The inquiries I have made on all sides have convinced me that what is wanted for the girls is more *mothering*."

What a world of meaning there is in this simple word can only be fully felt by those who have lost a beloved and excellent Mother!

Mrs. Nassau Senior then adds.

"If the girls on attaining twelve years, were sent to infant establishments where the chief object would be to teach them to use their intelligence to fit them for being good servants, I believe it would be an excellent plan.

"A girl is not necessarily a better woman because she knows the height of all the mountains in Europe, and can work a fraction in her head; but she is decidedly better fitted for the duties she will have to perform if she knows how to wash and tend a child, cook simple food well, and thoroughly clean a house. To do these duties really well, needs not only intelligence but special training.

"I am very anxious that it should not be supposed that I advocate a low intellectual standard of teaching, either for paupers or other children, or that I have any sympathy with certain popular theories about the sufficiency of cooking and needlework for the complete development of the female understanding. I am on the other side altogether; but I think in the case of these children the amount of scholastic knowledge which they acquire is not so important as the amount of intelligence which can be developed, and of household knowledge which can be imparted to them. I believe that apart from the supreme necessity of improving their moral condition, their wits would be very much sharpened by a greater variety of occupation, more general reading, more amusement, and more cultivation of natural sympathy.

"Hitherto I have spoken only of the gain in facilities for domestic training, and the development of general intelligence, but I would urge the plan of these infant establishments still more because of the moral gain to the girls."

Mrs. Nassau Senior then goes most

carefully and minutely into all the details of health, food, and recreation—as well as training. Her Report shows how thoroughly she understood the subject and what an earnest mind and warm heart she brought to bear on it, when in the passage above quoted Mrs. Senior sums up the great want of these establishments in the word "*Mothering*."

She says the girls want more "*Mothering*." Is not this the highest testimony to her own beloved Mother?

It would ill become me to praise the living, or I could adduce many instances in her relations with that excellent Mother, of the "cherishing care" and early training when the tree is young, and the branches pliant, which is of such vast importance in the formation of character in all classes, and both sexes. There is another indirect testimony to that same Mother in her son's inimitable book called "Tom Brown's School Days," which contains, (it is well known,) and

embodies a description of both Father and Mother at Donnington. I must here quote from page 24 of "Tom Brown's School Days."

"Madam Brown was a rare trainer of servants, and spent herself freely in the profession; for profession it was, and gave her more trouble by half than many people take to earn a good income. Her servants were known and sought after for miles round. Almost all the girls who attained a certain place in the village school were taken by her, one or two at a time, as housemaids, laundry maids, nursemaids, or kitchen maids, and after a year or two's drilling, were started in life amongst the neighbouring families, with good principles and good wardrobes. One of the results of this system was the perpetual despair of Mrs. Brown's cook and own maid, who no sooner had a notable girl under her hands but Missus was sure to find a good place for her and send her off, taking in fresh importations

from the school. Another was, that the house was always full of young girls with clean, shining faces; who broke plates, and scorched linen, but made an atmosphere of cheerful, homely life about the place, good for every one who came within its influence. Mrs. Brown loved young people, and in fact human creatures in general, above plate and linen. They were more like a lot of older children than servants and felt to her more as a Mother or Aunt than as a Mistress."

Thackeray's beautiful lines might have been written for both Mother and Daughter.

"It was this lady's disposition to think kindness, and devise silent bounties, and scheme benevolences for those around her."

I must not close this short notice of the much loved Mrs. Nassau Senior without a few words on the charm of her great musical talent. Those who had the good fortune to hear her sing could never for-

get the sweetness of her voice, her distinct articulation, her great power of expression, and her fine taste. She was a pupil of Malibran's brother, Signor Garcia, who was justly proud of her.

Mrs. Senior had also much talent in drawing and modelling; such varied talents, are seldom found together with so much practical knowledge and energy to benefit both public and private Charities.

We all have reason to be thankful that the good works so well planned and commenced by Mrs. Nassau Senior, including her Society for Befriending Young Female Servants,* have been continued; and I feel sure that future ages will learn to bless the memory of her, who, thanks to a wise Government, was appointed to bring the sunshine of a Woman's sympathy and help to the large field of work still to be accomplished in our Female pauper schools.

* At 7, Great College Street, Westminster.

The beautiful verses quoted at the commencement of this chapter need no addition, but I am sure I shall be forgiven for quoting one verse of sweet Adelaide Procter's,

"Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear:
Luminous the crown and holy,
When each gem is set with care."

And surely we may all believe that a crown "luminous and holy," will ever await those who in singleness of heart and patient endeavour, or endurance, steer their course through the difficult quicksands of life to "the Haven where we all would be" and we feel the truth of Miss Havergal's lines as applied to her whose loss we mourn,

"Our yet unfinished story
Is tending all to this,
To God the greatest glory,
To man the greatest bliss."

Sir Charles Eastlake, R.A.

SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE, R.A.

Formerly President of the Royal Academy, also Director of the National Gallery, and Secretary of the Fine Arts Commission, Author of "Contribution to the Literature of the Fine Arts," and "Materials for the History of Painting."

As the fortunate possessor of one of Sir Charles Eastlake's most charming pictures, exhibited in 1849 and called "Helena" from "All's Well that ends Well," which picture has been my constant companion, "in weal and in woe" for more than 30 years, and seems to sympathise with me as a friend—I venture to add my small tribute to the charm of Sir Charles Eastlake's character, and to his high qualities in every relation of life.

It is no exaggeration to say that "Helena" appears to me like a friend,

and the feeling is expressed by Adelaide Procter in the following verse—

> "As it is I would not give it
> For the rarest piece of art,
> It has dwelt with me and listened
> To the secrets of my heart."

And I have often observed that a single head when painted with so much true feeling makes an empty room seem less empty, and may become like a companion more than any group of figures.

I met Sir Charles Eastlake frequently at many houses after 1843, but nowhere so frequently as with the Poet Rogers and his Sister, where he was always the most intimate friend, and "much desired guest." Well do I remember the anxiety with which they awaited answers from their invitations to him! "If Eastlake can come we are sure of a pleasant party," Mr. Rogers would say, and "what are we to do without Eastlake?" was often said by them, and by many others, and always found an echo.

His easy, yet courteous manners, his graceful way of conveying information, his highly cultivated mind and musical voice, together with his readiness to converse with the least as with the most important guest, left a strong impression on all, and reminded me of the lines—

"How much we gathered from thy speech,
"And learnt of thee who never *seemed* to teach."

I was often struck with Sir Charles Eastlake's deep sense of Religion, and his sympathy for all sacred subjects, whether in poetry or art, a feeling, which proceeded from his own reverent nature, and which can be traced in his paintings from Scripture. He was the first person who kindly took the trouble to explain to me the meaning of the word "*feeling*" in painting. He showed me some beautiful old pictures where the execution was not good but the feeling tenderly expressed; and then he showed me some other pictures where the drawing and colouring were good, but feeling

absent, and I seemed to understand it through the illustration of music, as some people will play with great feeling and little execution, and others with much execution and little feeling.

Sir Charles Eastlake kindly gave me many hints about drawing and sketching from nature. He said "If you wish for a copy of a picture, copy it exactly. If you wish to improve yourself and gain facility take a large picture and make a small drawing from it, then take a small picture and make a large drawing from it; this will help you in sketching from Nature, where you have to reduce in the first instance, and you should be able to make a large drawing from a small sketch."

It was very pleasant to see Sir Charles Eastlake with his Brother Artists, who were frequently his guests. He was not only the "much desired guest" but a charming Host. I never go into his well known drawing rooms at 7, Fitzroy Square,

without remembering the many pleasant dinners and evenings enjoyed there! He used to entertain a large number of the Royal Academicians at dinner; and in the evening his rooms were crowded with the beauty and intelligence of London. At these parties I had the pleasure of meeting for the first time Landseer, Gibson, Leslie and Millais, with many others too numerous to mention in my small book.

The way in which he extricated one from difficulty, when any subtle question of Art had arisen, always delighted me, for in a room full of "living books" and Modern Painters, it was too easy for the unwary to plunge a little out of their depth.

His intimacy, (may I not say friendship) with the great and good Prince Consort is too well known for me to describe. A beautiful description of the Prince is given in a Poem just published by Mr. Alexander Buckler called

"Memories of Albert the Good," (and dedicated by permission to H.R.H. the Princess Christian) in which these lines occur—

> "For strictest truths to Albert's name belong
> How weak is flattery where truth is strong!"

All who knew Sir Charles felt how fortunate it was for the Prince to be associated with a man of such refined taste and manners. At the same time we all knew that every one was fortunate who had the honour of being associated with the Prince.

Sir Charles Eastlake's character seemed to unite the firmness of a man, with the delicacy and tact of a woman. All this will seem faint praise to Her whom he most loved, and who could fill up the picture so far more completely; but one thing I may venture to repeat from that domestic source, viz. that their most intimate conversation turned chiefly on two subjects, Art and Religion.

A cousin of mine was Sir Charles

Eastlake's most esteemed friend during his fourteen years' residence in Rome, and his family have many most interesting letters dated "Rome."

The attachment between these two friends was so great that they exchanged marble Busts of each other before they left Rome.

No sketch of Sir Charles Eastlake's character, however slight, can be complete in its way without some allusion to his dry and gentle humour, which injured no one, and could not even offend its object. A rather blunt lady who drew landscapes from Nature with some success, was asked by him if she drew figures also. "Oh no," she said, "I would not draw men and women for the world, they are so ugly." "Perhaps" he quietly answered, "they are so difficult."

The last time I saw Sir Charles Eastlake was at a fête at Strawberry Hill not long before he left England for the

last time. Even there he contrived to pour oil and wine on a heavy sorrow from which I had been suffering. He said in his own kind sweet voice, "But though we are born to trouble, there remaineth *a Rest.*" I little thought they were the last words I should hear from him!

When the sad news arrived in England of the death of Sir Charles Eastlake, I thought of Milton's grand lines in Lycidas.

"Laid low, but mounted high!" and I was constantly haunted with the sweet English air,

> "Wind gentle evergreens
> To form a shade
> Around the tomb
> Where "Our Eastlake," is laid—"

Felix Mendelssohn.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN.

If this "Great Master" were to be rewarded *solely* for the wonderful power his music possesses of soothing and elevating the feelings of his hearers, and giving them fresh heart "To plume their feathers and let grow their wings," his reward would be great.

Those who do not possess much imagination and feeling for music cannot be expected to appreciate fully Mendelssohn's rare genius. On the other hand, those who have very sensitive feelings doubly need the aid of such poetry and music combined, to *help* them to bear the roughness of life. Sydney Smith tells us that "God might have made the earth without flowers, and given us tasteless food,

but He has given us flowers and flavour and wit and laughter to cheer man's steps over the burning marl." And a very burning marl it would be without these blessings! Mendelssohn's music may sometimes cause tears to flow, but they will not be idle tears; they will refresh the heart as the earth is refreshed by a soft April shower after the harsh winds of March, calling forth sweet scents, and the song of birds, and leaving behind that "long echo of harmony on the soul," which Zschokke tells us "ever accompanies the true and beautiful."

Charles Kingsley's description of music especially applies to Mendelssohn's compositions.

"There is something very wonderful in music. Words are wonderful enough but music is even more wonderful. It speaks not to our thoughts as words do; it speaks straight to our hearts, spirits, and every core and root of our souls. Music soothes us, stirs us up, it puts

noble feelings into us; it melts us to tears we know not how! It is language in itself, just as divine, just as blessed."

May we not add, let those who need comfort after heavy sorrow, too heavy to speak of, listen to such divine airs as "Cast thy burden on the Lord," "Rest in the Lord" "Lift thine eyes," and "Oh for the wings of a Dove," and they would find in them *help* to lift their eyes, and to soar above

"This dim spot men call earth."

There is a very interesting account given in the second volume of "Mendelssohn's Letters" of the impression made on the good and great Prince Albert by the first performance of the "Elijah" in London in 1846. The Prince wrote in the book of the words, and sent to Mendelssohn the following striking passage:—

"To the noble artist who, though encompassed by the Baal worship of false art, by his genius and study has succeeded, like another Elijah, in faith-

fully preserving the worship of true art; once more habituating the ear, amid the giddy whirl of empty, frivolous sound, to the pure tones of sympathetic feeling and legitimate harmony,—to the Great Master who, by the tranquil current of his thoughts, reveals to us the gentle whisperings, as well as the mighty strife of the elements,—to him is this written in grateful remembrance by

"ALBERT,"

Buckingham Palace.

It is interesting to compare this passage with what was written by Mendelssohn to his friend Pastor Julius Schubring eight years previously, while composing the Elijah, he says:—

"I figured to myself Elijah as a grand, mighty Prophet, such as we might again require in our own day, energetic and zealous, but also stern, wrathful, and gloomy; a striking contrast to the Court myrmidons and popular rabble,—

in fact in opposition to the whole world, yet borne on angels' wings."

The enthusiastic reception this great musician received in England is well known, and still remembered by many. He describes it himself in a letter to his Mother from London in 1842 (see Vol. 2, page 281.)

"Lately when playing the organ in Christ Church, Newgate Street, I almost thought, for a few moments, I must have been suffocated, so great was the crowd and pressure round my seat at the organ; two days afterwards I played in Exeter Hall before three thousand people who shouted "hurrahs" and waved their handkerchiefs, and stamped their feet till the hall resounded with the uproar; at the moment I felt no ill effects but next morning was confused and stupefied. Add to this the pretty and most charming Queen Victoria, who looks so youthful, and is so gently courteous and gracious, who speaks such good German,

and who knows all my music so well; the four books of "Songs without words," and those with words, and the Symphony, and "Hymn of Praise." Yesterday I was sent for by the Queen, who was almost alone with Prince Albert, and who seated herself near the Piano, and made me play to her; first the "Songs without words" then the "Seranade," two impromptus on "Rule Britannia," Lutzow's "Wilde Jagd," and "Gandeamus igitur." The latter was somewhat difficult, but remonstrance was out of the question, and as they gave the theme, of course it was my duty to play them. Then the splendid grand gallery at Buckingham Palace where they drank tea, and where two boars by Paul Potter are hanging, and a great many other pictures which pleased me well."

Mendelssohn was not only a "Hero" before the public, but in his own Home, and the tender affection he had for his family is nowhere more beautifully dis-

played than in a letter to his brother and sisters concerning his Father's trying state of nerves, (see vol. 1, page 91) where he shows the noble master's power for securing domestic harmony equal to his marvellous musical talent, and illustrates the Divine words

"Blessed are the peace makers."

The letter is dated

"Rome, November 22nd, 1830."

My dear Brother and Sisters,

You know how much I dislike, at a distance of 200 miles, and 14 days journey from you, to offer good advice. I mean to do so, however, for once. Let me tell you therefore of a mistake in your conduct, and in truth the same that I once made myself. I do assure you that never in my life have I known my father write in so irritable a strain, as since I came to Rome, and so I wish to ask you if you cannot devise some domestic receipt to cheer him a little? I mean by forbearance and yielding to

his wishes, and in this manner, by allowing my father's view of any subject to predominate over your own; then, not to speak at all, on topics that irritate him; and instead of saying "shameful" say "unpleasant," or instead of "superb," say "very fair." This method has often a wonderfully good effect; and I put it with all submission to yourselves, whether it might not be equally successful in his case? For with the exception of the great events of the world, ill humour often seems to me to proceed from the same cause that my father's did when I chose to pursue my own path in my musical studies. He was then in a constant state of irritation, incessantly abusing Beethoven and all visionaries; and this often vexed me very much, and made me sometimes very unamiable. At that very time something new came out which put my father out of sorts, and made him, I believe, not a little uneasy. So long therefore as I persisted

in extolling and exalting my Beethoven, the evil became worse, and one day, if I remember rightly, I was even sent out of the room. At last, however, it occurred to me that I might speak a great deal of truth, and yet avoid the particular truth obnoxious to my father; so the aspect of affairs speedily began to improve, and soon all went well.

"Perhaps you may have in some degree forgotten that you ought now and then to be forbearing and not aggressive. My Father considers himself both much older, and more irritable than he, thank God, really is; but it is our duty always to submit our opinion to his, even if the truth be as much on our side, as it often is on his, when opposed to us. Strive then to praise what he likes, and do not attack what is implanted in his heart, more especially ancient established ideas. Do not commend what is new till it has made some progress in the world, and acquired a name, for till then it is a mere

matter of taste. Try to draw my father into your circle, and be playful and kind to him. In short, try to smooth and equalize things; and remember that I, who now am an experienced man of the world, never yet knew any family, taking into due consideration all defects and failings, who have hitherto lived so happily together as ours.

"Do not send me any answer to this, for you will not receive it for a month, and by that time no doubt some fresh topic will have arisen; besides if I have spoken nonsense, I do not wish to be scolded by you; and if I have spoken properly, I hope you will follow my good advice."

Such a letter speaks for itself; it needs no comment, though it ought to be written in characters of gold, or rather it should sink deeply into the hearts of all those who have domestic difficulties to contend with; and who can expect to escape them entirely?

It always appeared to me that the delicate lights and shades in Mendelssohn's music may be compared to Turner's paintings, and the more you *study* them the more pleasure they will give you, for they both appeal most strongly to the imagination. Jeremy Taylor tells us that "there are truths of *Religion* which must be *felt* before they can be understood." Does not this remark apply equally to Painting and Music?

The difficulty of collecting a large number of persons who *feel* such music, and so very much patience and care is required for preparing so great a work as the Elijah, that to hear it well performed is an event in one's life not to be missed if possible. Besides the *present* pleasure of hearing it, there will be "*the echo*" which will last for years afterwards!

I can never forget on one occasion at the Sydenham Palace, when I was hardly recovered from a severe illness, and on entering the building I felt so tired

after a long hot drive that I almost wished myself at home again, until Manns' perfect band gave the signal for the first chords of Mendelssohn's "Serenade." It was like magic, for instantly all feeling of lassitude disappeared, and the remembrance of the pleasure of hearing it remains to this day, illustrating again Zschokke's "long echo of harmony." No doubt it was Mendelssohn's fine organization which prepared for us these great musical treats, and it also hastened his death. He only lived 38 years. It is remarkable how many great musical composers die comparatively young! Mozart died in his 36th year, Beethoven in his 55th year, Schubert in his 32nd, Chopin in his 40th year, while Handel lived to 75.

It is pleasant to read in Mendelssohn's letters from Rome the great delight he felt in the sister Arts, and especially the pleasure it gave him to meet Thorwaldson for the first time (vol. 1, page 75.)

"Thorwaldson in particular expressed himself in so gratifying a manner with regard to me, that I felt quite proud, for I honour him as one of the greatest of men, and always have revered him. He looks like a lion, and the very sight of his face is invigorating. You feel at once that he must be a noble artist; his eyes look so clear, as if, with him, every object must assume a definite form and image. Moreover he is very gentle and kind and mild, because his nature is so superior; and yet he seems to be able to enjoy every trifle. It is a real source of pleasure to see a great man, and to know that the creator of works that will endure for ever, stands before you in person; a living being with all his attributes and individuality and genius, and yet a man like others."

This well describes one's feelings on first meeting a genius one has long admired in his works. Mendelssohn adds:—

"You know how Thorwaldson loves music, and I sometimes play to him in the morning while he is at work. He has an excellent instrument in his Studio, and when I look at the old gentleman and see him kneading his brown clay, and delicately fining off an arm, or a fold of drapery,—in short, when he is creating what we must all admire when completed as an enduring work,— then I do indeed rejoice that I have the means of bestowing enjoyment on him."

And who could he not charm with his beautiful music so tenderly played by himself! It was indeed a pleasure never to be forgotten when he was placed at the piano at his friends, the Miss Alexander's (of Regent's Park) and to hear him play sometimes alone, and sometimes duets with his friend Mosceheles—alternately, playing and conversing, with the simplicity of a child. The expression of his face, and the tone of his voice convinced you at

once of his deep feeling and earnest sincerity, and made me feel the truth of Wolfe's beautiful lines as applied to him :

"Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have formed
And never can restore."

I must now close this chapter on Mendelssohn with a verse written by my dear Father on the posthumous bust of his only son, whose character bore a strong resemblance to Mendelssohn's.

"Yes, such he was, so noble pure and kind
The happiest union of the heart and mind,
So candour sat upon his open brow,
Truth on his lips,—yes—even now,
That smile may *still* be beaming on his face
From Heaven it came, Heaven is its fittest place."

The Rev. W. H. Brookfield, M.A.

The Rev. W. H. BROOKFIELD, M.A.

Late of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Chaplain in ordinary to the Queen, Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral, sometime Curate of St. James' London, and one of her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools.

In a small, and remarkably unattractive Chapel, called Berkeley Chapel, close to Berkeley Square and Grosvenor Square, and near my old home, Mr. Brookfield deeply interested an attentive congregation of no common intelligence, with his marvellously fine reading and preaching. There was no ornament of any kind in the Chapel, and the music was indifferent, yet every part of the building

was crowded, and many came from a distance to hear him. Those who were fortunate enough to be of the number are not likely to forget his singularly fine voice, and his earnest delivery of the truths he taught and felt so deeply. Miss Thackeray so well describes him in her expressive words that I must here quote them from a passage in the interesting "Memoir" prefixed to the single volume of his published Sermons. She says:—

"It is a great many years now since we saw Mr. Brookfield for the first time. He was standing in a white surplice, reading the Psalms to the precipitate chaunt of the choristers in some old London church. It made a great impression on us at the time, for we had been used only to the French Protestant service. I can almost hear the voice through all these years. It was very clear and mellow, and the words had a certain deliberate measure, which I think

is peculiar to many of the Cambridge men of that time; cultivated, melancholy, the notes are very distinctive.

"One of my father's best known Essays is called "the Curate's walk." It was published in "Punch" at a time when "Frank Whiteslock" and his friend were still comparatively young men. Perhaps people do not know that Frank Whiteslock's name was William Brookfield. He was a curate then in St. James, and living in Great Pulteney Street.

"My father telling us once about this very Essay, said that he had never seen any one enter more kindly and excellently into such work. Mr. Brookfield seemed to understand his poor people with admirable instinct, and to know how to speak to them, to deal with their wants, and how to meet them on their own ground."

Miss Thackeray then narrates an instance given in the "Curate's walk," and adds:—

"I remember myself once walking over a stubble field at Somerley with Mr. Brookfield, and hearing him talk about his parishioners there. He was ill even then, and bearing much pain and langour with courage and patience and reserve, though I did not know it at the time. "How can I preach to him? What is there for him to deny himself?" he said, as an old man staggered past with some great load upon his head. "He gets up at four in the morning; he works all day long in the fields through all weathers and winds; and he crawls home at nights stupefied with fatigue and crippled with rheumatism to fling himself down to sleep; he never complains, he dines contentedly off dry bread, and a bit of bacon on Sundays. He has had nothing better for years; he will never have anything else to expect. He is honest, patient, industrious, self-denying. It is he who preaches the sermon not I."

One of the first sermons I had the

good fortune to hear from Mr. Brookfield was on the text "Cast thy bread upon the waters"—and he narrated a circumstance which came before his notice during the week, and which he said illustrated the meaning of the text. A poor little girl in the parish who gained her living by selling water cresses, interested some kind ladies so much that they found a good place for her in the country. Not many weeks afterwards her mother, a poor widow, fell sick, and the little daughter immediately returned home to nurse her sick mother. When the ladies reproached her for losing so good a prospect in life, she simply answered "I am quite sure God will never let me *miss* what I do for Mother."

This story touched several of the congregation so much that they sent a subscription for the child to Mr. Brookfield, who, in acknowledging it, said, he "had no idea of asking for help, and

simply mentioned the story to illustrate the meaning of the text."

"This story called to my mind the following little experience of my own. When a poor widow I knew lost her favourite son, I wrote to condole with her, and in her reply she said,

"Though we feel it so very much, I know that it was the Lord who planted the garden, and surely He has a right to the finest flower in it."

Though the letter was badly spelt and badly written, I felt it contained true poetry, as well as true religion, and calm resignation.

Mr. Brookfield always impressed his hearers with the assurance that he was not placed in the pulpit to discuss "difficult questions of theology" or "Biblical criticism," but to draw forth from the Scriptures such practical lessons as would help us in our daily struggle with evil of all kinds,—to find strength for the weak, warnings for

the thoughtless,—and comfort for the afflicted.

He impressed us strongly with the fact that our Lord was content with simple illustrations of His meanings; and that he never allowed himself to be "entangled in his talk," and always trusted to the reflection and consciences of his hearers instead of arguing with them; that He often answered a question by asking another question, such as "Woman where are thine accusers?" and "Whose image and superscription is this?" He pointed out in how few words our Saviour silenced His opposers, and how quickly He stopped recrimination by "answering not a word."

I have heard all the greatest readers of the day, but I never heard any one read the Bible so forcibly as Mr. Brookfield. He entered into the grand and true Spirit of Christianity, which is so elevating, and which casts aside all petty disputes.

No one more strongly urged the truth of Keble's lines:

"The daily round the common task
Would furnish all we ought to ask
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

And for the rest

"Thy God hath said tis good for thee
To live by faith and not by sight,
Take it on trust a little while
Soon shalt thou read the mystery right
In the full sunshine of His smile."

There is no doubt that this valuable gift of reading and preaching, which Lord Houghton so well describes in the epitaph on Mr. Brookfield's tomb, was the result of much cultivation as well as much feeling.

The epitaph is as follows:

"Energetic and judicious in his public functions
He was endowed with a special gift of preaching
Which illustrated spiritual and moral truth"
By a sound common sense, acute wit, and mental sympathy,
That attracted men of the highest culture
While the simplicity and humility of his nature
Made his ministrations welcome to the poor and acceptable to all.
Delightful in social converse, and dear to many friends,
He has left an affectionate family who raise this tomb.

I well remember meeting Mr. Brookfield after he had, to our great regret, left his London duty,—and I asked him what chance there was of hearing him preach the following Sunday? He answered "I am going to hear Mr.———and to take a lesson." I laughed, thinking he was so well able to *give* a lesson, but he replied, "I am in earnest, for though I have been fortunate in securing the attention of the educated classes, I want to know what attracts the masses." When I met him again I said, "Did you learn your lesson?" "Yes" he replied, "and in the three first words. Mr.———after kneeling in silent prayer, rose and said in a slow impressive tone, with a pause between the two last words—"Let us *pray*," and I felt at once how often it was said too carelessly."

A relation of mine who was nearly 90 and never went to church owing to his deafness and infirmities, (though he was sometimes dragged to a public meeting)

heard so much of Mr. Brookfield's preaching that he was very anxious to hear him, so we secured a seat close to the pulpit at Berkeley Chapel. He was so much pleased at hearing Mr. Brookfield distinctly, and so charmed with his treatment of the subject, that he told me he caught himself saying more than once in an under voice "Hear, hear"!

The Memoir tells us that Lord Palmerston told Lord Houghton that no fewer than seventy persons of weight urged him to give a vacant Canonry to Mr. Brookfield. Many others bore their testimony to his worth. Few are more touching than the following lines from his life-long friend the Poet Laureate.

Brooks, for they call'd you so that knew you best
Old Brooks, who loved so well to mouth my rhymes,
How oft we two have heard St. Mary's chimes!
How oft the Cantab supper, host and guest,
Would echo helpless laughter to your jest!
How oft with him we paced that walk of limes,
Him, the lost light of those dawn-golden times,*
Who loved you well! Now both are gone to rest;
You man of humourous-melancholy mark,

* Arthur Hallam.

Dead of some inward agony—is it so?
Our kindlier, trustier Jacques, passed away!
I cannot laud this life, it looks so dark:
Σκιᾶς ὄναρ—dream of a shadow, go—
God bless you. I shall join you in a day.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

The Rev. Mr. Brewer who was Mr. Brookfield's colleague at the Rolls Chapel writes thus:—

"As a preacher to a cultivated metropolitan congregation of English Churchmen he had no superior in his own days; in his best vein not an equal. Sermons, like pictures, are limited by certain conditions. To address on a theme not novel, from Sunday to Sunday, an educated congregation, who are, or who think themselves to be, as well acquainted with the subject as their preacher—to arrest their attention not by extravagance or grotesqueness—to please and yet to improve, and send them home better than they came—is not the gift of every man, especially within the brief half-hour at the close of a long service."

To give an idea of Mr. Brookfield's

sparkling wit is simply impossible, as so very much depended on voice and manner; and it was called forth by the smallest circumstances of daily life, and would be spoilt by repetition.

His acute sense of humour must have put his gravity to a severe test when he heard some of the answers of the little boys and girls on his "School Inspections," as in the following instance, when he was examining some little boys on 'Geography.'

He commenced by asking them what was the capital of England?

One little boy answered "Nantwich"—another ventured on "Liverpool"—and a third made sure of "Manchester"!

At last Mr. Brookfield said "Now my dear children just think—what is that great place where all the rich and fashionable people go to?" The prompt answer from several little voices was "Please Sir, to 'ell."

These answers so wide from the mark

remind me of Lord———'s bad shooting, and when he apologized to the game-keeper, the simple reply was "Well my Lord, I *have* seen worse for you miss them *so clean*."

Together with his sense of humour, Mr. Brookfield had a great love for poetry, and he was the first person who kindly called my attention to Miss Procter's Poems. He said, "I often find myself repeating some of her verses immediately after reading the Bible, and I am astonished at their power."

His readings from Shakespeare were perfect; and the intonation he gave to such passages as the celebrated lines on "Mercy" was simply grand.

I would gladly quote passages from Mr. Brookfield's Sermons, but they are each so complete, and one part hangs so delicately on the other, that they cannot be detached without losing some of their beauty; but I think I may venture to quote from a sermon on the subject of

"*All working together for good to those who love Him.*" After narrating the sufferings, persecutions and "great fight of affliction" endured by St. Paul, Mr. Brookfield says:

The Apostle had learned the secret of distilling the sweetest essences from the most repulsive ingredients. From every trial he extracts nutriment for sustaining a more steadfast Faith, a more fervid Hope, a more expansive Charity. He cries with Job 'though He slay me yet will I trust in Him. And his unflinching faith in Christ directing all things, whether apparently good or apparently evil, *all* things into the current of the ultimate blessedness of His people, reaches perhaps its climax in this celebrated apostrophe 'Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation or distress or persecution or famine or nakedness or peril or the sword? Nay in all these things, we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us.' (Rom. viii. 35.)

Your own trials and sorrows of whatever kind, past, present or to come, will suggest a much more effective personal

application of this subject than I have the ingenuity to contrive. There is not one present here but has suffered, is suffering, or will have to suffer, something or other, which will put to trial this confidence in Him who stands pledged to make all things work together for the good of His people. I will but invite you in conclusion, to remember where it was that St. Paul acquired his immoveable and steadfast faith. It was at the foot of the Cross; a phrase, perhaps, sometimes employed with little distinct meaning—but by the foot of the Cross I mean a position and a point of view which at once invited and facilitated a survey of the Divine Saviour's career, of which the Cross—the emblem of self-sacrifice was the most expressive and the most culminating symbol. It was in looking up to that Cross that Paul acquired and fortified his faith; that Cross which once had been the symbol of the lowest infamy, but which through Christ's patient endurance and unreserved self-sacrifice even unto death, has become a symbol of transcendent honour. That Cross that once occupied the Nadir of shame, is exalted now to the Zenith of Glory. At the foot of that Cross St.

Paul had learned the great doctrine of self-abnegation; that he who is content to lose his life in the cause of truth, shall save it—and that much tribulation is the gate to an infinite blessedness. At the foot of that Cross he was reminded that his Master had sustained every trial by which constancy can possibly be tested—yes, every kind of trial—moral, spiritual, and material, culminating in what comprised them all, the Cross; yet that all these sufferings had worked together to bring Jesus Christ through the grave and gate of Death to the right hand of God—where He remains exalted, far above every name of things in Heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth. Into that august presence we believe that His faithful Apostle has since followed Him; and thither may you also follow Him, through the operation of that Spirit which makes all things work together, for the eventual good of those who love God in His Son Jesus Christ.

That this grand passage was written from his heart can be traced in the singular calmness and patience with which Mr. Brookfield bore his last suffering illness; and there is a very

interesting account of it in the Memoir prefixed to his Sermons. When I think of it I find comfort in the following lines

"How sweet to know
The trials which we cannot comprehend
Have each their own divinely purposed end,
He traineth so
For higher knowledge yet, ever onward reaching
For further knowledge yet, and His own deep teaching.

In closing this "farewell" chapter, which I dedicate to my valued friend, Mrs. Brookfield, in grateful remembrance of her Husband's teachings, I must express my conviction that his Sermons have only to be more generally known to be more extensively useful.

August, 1880.

LONDON:
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